Silence

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Silence

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Meet cute in the library between Hannibal and the med student he has a fling with.

Prequel to Praise You

Oskar tried not to look over.

He could see Hannibal Lecter browsing the next shelf along in the deep recesses of the poorly lit library. One of the few other people there at this godforsaken hour on a Friday night.

But he tried desperately not to look over.

He had thought at first, when Hannibal had passed by him, that he should say hello or give some other acknowledgement. But he was sure Hannibal had no idea who he was.

Everyone knew who Hannibal Lecter was.

Practically a genius and clearly a protege of the Head of Medicine. Oskar completely believed the rumours that Hannibal would have been skipped ahead a year or more in his studies if English had been his native language. As it was, Oskar had heard that the young Lithuanian had come to the US only a few years earlier with barely any knowledge of the language. And now he not only spoke it fluently, but understood complex medical texts.

Hannibal Lecter was intimidating.

He was also completely gorgeous.

Oskar wasn't just intimidated by the young man's mind and intellect, but also his easy charm and beautiful face. He was the kind of guy Oskar could fantasise about and never hope to even be able to say two words to, as this unexpected meeting made obvious to him.

Oskar huffed at his own lack of nerve and went back to trying to find the medical journal that he had been looking for.

They were packed too tight on the slightly high shelf and when he tried to pull one out, it resulted in both either side of it tumbling down onto him.

“Shit,” Oskar cursed. It was bad enough to get hit in the head with medical journals, much less when the smartest and hottest student in class was only a few feet away.

He crouched instantly to pick them up, trying to ignore the sound of steps that likely was Lecter walking passed him and taking in his complete idiocy.

But then another set of hands grabbed for one of the journals that had fallen open, its spine facing up. He was too late to stop his reach and his hand brushed over the one now holding the journal.

“Sorry I-”

“Excuse me-”

They both started at the same time, and then Lecter chuckled. Oskar looked at where the fellow student was crouched beside him, holding out the journal for him to take.

“Concussion?” Lecter asked with a smirk.

“No…” Oskar managed to chuckle, smiling back, pretty sure he looked utterly demented.

They both stood up, and Oskar politely looked down at the recovered journals in his hands, trying not to intrude any more on Lecter’s research time. He took a breath and tried to maintain composure as he slid the journals all back into place.

“This one, it will help you.”

Oskar was startled by Hannibal’s smooth voice, and to find the man still standing next to him, reaching past him and pulling out a completely different journal altogether and handing it to him. Despite the overpacked shelf, Lecter had somehow managed to do this without pulling half the shelf out.

Oskar blinked, unsure for a moment how to respond, before finally, “Oh, um… oh…”

Hannibal’s smile was warm and lopsided, “You’re researching the paper for next Monday? Volume 37 has already been checked out, and it’s pointless anyway. This journal has three articles that discuss the medical theories derived from clinical practice in a much more constructive analysis.”

“Oh, thanks,” Oskar managed to choke out the words and then swallowed. He looked down at their hands as the journal passed between them and he felt Hannibal’s fingers ghost over his own for just a moment. Long enough to take his breath away.

He blinked, raising his eyes to Hannibal again and seeing a flicker of something there for a moment. Hannibal was smart enough to know, and likely enjoy, the effect he had on people.

Oskar tried not to tremble with nerves. He wasn’t exactly great with social situations at the best of times, but now with the hottest and smartest person he’d ever encountered right in front of him? He wasn’t sure he’d be able to have an intelligent conversation.

They stood for a moment looking at each other before Hannibal looked at the shelf behind him and moved towards it. Effectively caging Oskar between his body and the journals as he reached for another on a shelf.

“Here,” Hannibal said, pulling the journal out but not stepping back, close enough that their mouths were near enough to steal a kiss should either of them lean in. And oh, did Oskar desperately want to lean in. But this was a library not a pick up bar, as if he'd have the nerve even then.

“Peer review of the clinical practice in this one,” Hannibal commented, still not moving back. In fact at that point his eyes glanced down to Oskar’s lips for a moment, causing Oskar to unconsciously run his tongue out to moisten them.

“You know a lot,” Oskar finally managed, the words coming out in a rush as he tried to find something not completely idoitic to say, and sure that he’d definitely not managed that. Of course he knew a lot!

Hannibal smiled, “I already finished my paper. I’d be happy to discuss it with you if you wish, Oskar.”

At the sound of his name, Oskar had to bite back a whimper, instead turning it into a cough that unfortunately resulted in Hannibal backing off to give him space.

“I… That might be good.” Oskar finally managed, regretting the new distance between them. “I, uh…” He started again with a nervous chuckle, running a hand through his short reddish hair. “I didn’t know you knew my name.”

Hannibal cocked a brow at that.

“Why wouldn’t I? You’re one of the few people in class that seems to have the potential to actually become a medical professional.” There was a tease in his tone, but truth to it as well. Certainly, if Oskar had to shirk modesty, he could put himself in the top five in the class - even if Hannibal was well ahead of them all.

“Oh,” Oskar had lost count of how many times he’d said the word. “I, um… You never seem to talk to many people so I…”

Hannibal smiled, it was soft but there was something beneath it, a strength that both terrified and comforted Oskar at the same time.

“You seem… Interesting.” Hannibal took a half step towards him again, not as close as before.

Oskar’s stomach sank a little and he hated to think what Hannibal meant by that. He passed as male, had for a couple of years, but he wasn’t intentionally stealth. Navigating that line between being out as trans but not feeling the need to make a point of it being the first thing he mentioned when he met anyone. And Hannibal wouldn’t be the first person who’d found him *interesting.*

A curiosity, a fetish and everything in between.

“Oh,” was all Oskar could reply. A different tone this time as he looking down at the journals Hannibal had placed in his hands. “I should probably get back to-”

“I’ve said something to upset you.” Hannibal observed sharply, concern in his expression when Oskar looked up. And then after a beat, realisation. “Oh, I didn’t mean,” Hannibal started, cool charm still there but with obvious regret. He shook his head. “I wasn’t referring to your gender.”

Oskar couldn't help the short, sharp burst of laughter at the upfront admission. So many people skirted around the point, that it was strange to have someone be so blunt.

There was a loud shushing noise from the front desk and Oskar covered his mouth as he continued to chuckle. Hannibal was grinning at him and they shared the silent humour for a moment before subsiding with sighs and smiles.

"Perhaps we can study together?" Hannibal suggested. There was something to his tone, it was deep and soft. And the suggestion definitely felt… suggestive. Oskar was very much not prepared for it.

He hesitated a moment, uncertainty coming from the unexpected interest of Hannibal Lecter.

He glanced towards the direction of the library tables but then he felt a hand on his face, cup his jaw with fingers that spread over his light stubble. Hannibal used the grasp to redirect Oskar's gaze back to him.

"Not here."

"Coffee?" Oskar asked, trying not to lean into the touch, but taking the chance to hope that he really meant a date.

"Perhaps in my room?" Hannibal suggested, removing his hand but not before allowing his fingers to stroke down Oskar's jaw.

Oskar drew a deep breath and let it out with a shudder. Oh, not a date. Or a very private date?

"To study?" He wanted to confirm, like an idiot, because surely there really was no way Hannibal Lecter was interested in him for anything other than a study companion. Perhaps he saw Oskar as a project, the cute little idiot he could impart wisdom to and impress with his genius? Though Oskar couldn't say that would be incorrect.

Hannibal's mouth twitched at the corners.

"Yes, I've noticed that you're a little lacking when it comes to advanced anatomy, perhaps I could help you with that."

"Holy fuck," The words fell from Oskar's mouth before he could stop them. He may not be exactly a social butterfly, or remotely skilled at flirting, but unless it was a language barrier thing, Hannibal had to be coming onto him.

Did he mean get naked together?

Oskar let out another nervous bark of laughter and there was another loud shushing which made Hannibal grin at him as the blush rose on his cheeks.

"You're enjoying flustering me," Oskar observed.

"I am. Your complexion is very attractive when you blush." Hannibal agreed, his voice so smooth and rich that Oskar thought he might drown in it. And it only made him all the more red.

"Clashes with my hair," Oskar tried to joke to cover quite how nervous this whole thing was making him. Was Hannibal Lecter really flirting with him in the library? Had he wandered into

some altered reality on the way from class? Crack in his fruit box?

Hannibal let out a low laugh that warmed Oskar all the way through to his bones.

“I still like it,” Hannibal rumbled the words and stepped closer to him, backing Oskar up until he hit the rows of journals behind him.

Hannibal pressed Oskar to the shelves, his leg between Oskars, it was all he could do to resist grinding on it as Hannibal leaned in and kissed him, deeply.

Oskar trembled slightly, not entirely sure how to react at this entirely unexpected situation. Not that he had much control over his body in that moment, as it throbbed with want.

He moaned into Hannibal’s mouth and let the journals fall from his hands before snaking his arms up around Hannibal’s neck.

Another “shush” at the small commotion, had them break the kiss with quiet laughter.

“Not shy, are you?” Oskar couldn’t help but tease, in possession of a little of Hannibal’s confidence after that kiss. Because there was no mistaking the interest in that!

“I’ve found, on occasion, the direct approach is more rewarding for its straightforwardness. Though I’ve never been so straightforward in a library before. I will admit, I was hoping I might run into somewhere a little more social.” Hannibal replied, breathing the words just above Oskar’s mouth before. “But this suits just as well… as long as we aren’t ejected for noise violations.”

Hannibal nudged his lips against Oskar’s again before sucking the lower one between his own. Oskar whimpered as quietly as possible, the effort clear and making Hannibal chuckle as he kissed him again.

It was deeper this time, and their bodies were flush against each other, both their body weight against the sturdy shelving.

Oskar groaned, not loudly enough to get shushed, but enough to break them apart.

They were both short of breath when Hannibal nuzzled against the side of his neck, asking just below his ear, “And so? My room for anatomy revision?”

Oskar let out a shuddering breath and nodded, “Yes, please.”

It wasn’t until the next morning, that he realised he still hadn’t taken the journals he required out of the library. But then, maybe Hannibal would help him, just as he had with the anatomy pointers.

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